

Old Si Hubbard Visits So. Bloomingville and Vicinity

EDITOR DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL:

I left Logan, Tuesday morning, last, via the Hocking Valley, west. Arrived in Lancaster, one of Logan's popular suburbs, just in time to connect with the Muskingum Valley for Wyandotte. At Wyandotte I had a three hour wait for the train to South Bloomingville. I stopped over in Laurelville for dinner, and more especially to learn what the stork brought and what they named it. I met Milton Armstrong but could get no information from him. He wore a dejected, disappointed look, in fact, looked dangerous, so I left him. Met Camp Floyd, he had a rather sneaking look. I couldn't make out what was up, and as Camp had such a distressed expression, whether from disappointment or rheumatism I can't say, I thought it best to leave him alone. On the street I met Dr. Cain, the man that clips the wing of every storklet left in that neighborhood. He took me to his office and gave me the desired information. Going to his safe he produced, carefully wrapped in cotton flannel, a handsome family bible. Within the lid was carefully inscribed "Compliments of Milton Armstrong to his namesake." On further investigation I found in the family record the names of fifteen persons. The last, the least and the one in question, the one that placed that dejected look on Milton's face and the sneaking expression on Camp's countenance, read "Charles Alfred Floyd." Milt was overlooked and Camp was simply attached, like a dog's tail—just hung to it to complete the looks. Their dismal expressions were explained. I felt awfully sorry but I wept no tears. After a hearty dinner at Hotel Floyd I "got aboard" the Bloomingville train and was rushed down Salt Creek at a mile-a-minute rate, until I reached the Beery crossing. I gave the high sign and the train came to a stop. I jumped off and went over to Mrs. Emily Buchanan's, where I was pleasantly entertained for the night. When you understand that Mrs. Buchanan is Old Si's aunt, you can readily see that there was a great deal more than meat and drink that made my visit enjoyable—the satisfaction of knowing that they were all well and fairly prospering.

In the morning I footed it over to South Bloomingville. Sitting at a table in the Ohio House, smoking a candidate's cigar (no four-fer) facing Plenkhar's store and a fifteen pound Plymouth Rock rooster, sweating and think-

ing (strange as it may seem to you) in effort to do justice to the pleasant and enterprising little village of South Bloomingville in giving justifiable mention of its business enterprises, I say:

South Bloomingville is the shipping end of the Columbus & Southern railroad. There is probably more telephone poles, railroad ties, fence posts and lumber shipped from this place than from any other point in Ohio. The lumber shipping, especially, is an immense industry, and it is not an unusual thing to see a dozen or more wagons waiting their turn to get into the yards. There are two or three companies sawing in this neighborhood and shipping from this point. Load after load of ties, posts and telephone poles are shipped from this point.

Bloomingville has one church, Methodist, with a membership of about 50. They have preaching every third Sunday and Sunday school every Sabbath. The Sunday school, under the supervision of Thomas Stevens, is largely and regularly attended. In the absence of regular Sunday services the several classes hold prayer meetings. Rev. Clark is the minister in charge and is said to be a very able, fluent and convincing speaker. They have a very handsome, commodious and well supported church.

The Ohio House, under the supervision of Mr. John Iles, the proprietor, is one of the best hotels in the state. It has every convenience usually found in a first class city hotel. The fare is of the best and abundant, cooked and served in a way to satisfy the hungry and please the most fastidious. Mr. Iles is a genial, painstaking landlord and is especially concerned as to the comfort of his guests.

George Gill, the druggist, is a graduate pharmacist, a careful, attentive, accommodating business man. Besides a complete stock of drugs and medicines he handles toilet articles of all kinds, notions, school supplies, cigars and tobacco. He makes a specialty of standard preparations. George is a jolly and accommodating business man, always a gentleman, and enjoys the confidences of his customers.

Stevens & Co., the millers, is the industry of all the beneficial industries of the community. The firm is composed of Thomas Stevens, the manager and a practical miller of wide experience. A. M. Stevens, Emmet Clark and E. S. Jones. They do a general milling business and have a tremendous

trade. This firm, as recent as January, purchased the plant at a receiver's sale and paid for it. Since the purchase it has developed that numerous small claims, aggregating more than \$1,000, were still unsatisfied. These claims the company have assumed, for no other purpose than to maintain the integrity of the mill, and as fast as the claimants desire or need these assumed obligations are liquidated. The "honest miller" in this case is not a dream but an actual fact. Thomas Stevens is a man among men, a social, pleasant gentleman, a just man, and his assumption, without warrant of law, of these to him honest claims, marks him a man among men and a man to be trusted. He has the complete confidence and good will of the community. May he live long and prosper.

E. E. Chilcote, so well and favorably known to almost every business man in Hocking county, is running, and running right, a first class general store. He handles only the stock that pleases, the kind that satisfy and at the prices that moves the goods and circulates the dollar. Any thing in the dry goods or grocery line, required by the country round, can be found in his store and on his shelves. He buys all kinds of country produce, ties, posts, telephone poles, and pays the top-notch price in trade or cash. E. E. Chilcote is one of the leading and representative citizens of Benton township, always to the front in pushing any business enterprise that will have a tendency to better the conditions of affairs in the community, generous to a fault and honest to a penny, and his more than generous trade is an evidence conclusive of the high esteem of his neighbors. He is a worthy citizen.

S. R. Mattox, the "jolly blacksmith," is another of the very desirable citizens. The continuous and merry ring of the hammer on the anvil is in complete harmony with his jolly disposition. His song and his work are alike pleasing, and his prices the delightful cadence that precludes and induces a trio of new customers. Wood-working and general repairing a specialty. Anything and everything in the blacksmithing line is attended to promptly and in a workmanlike and scientific manner. His shoeing makes the horse laugh and the kicking mule gentle and the prices induce the farmer to buy his wife a new dress. You can't afford to miss Mattox.

David Eby is one of the old

timers, an old resident. He is a man of affairs, a business man. He knows what the people of the community need and buy in the grocery line, and keeps it for sale. He is managing one of the best regulated and well stocked village groceries in the state. He has an elegant assortment of novelties and a necessary stock of fresh canned goods. His prices lifts them from the shelf and places them on the table, and his fruits are as satisfactory as the goods are palatable. If you want them he has them and you please each other. Everything that is good and everything seasonable.

Elmer Apt is a friend to the hungry and thirsty. If your appetite is too great for the usual three meals a day, and you feel that ravenous, gnawing sensation in the regions of your stomach, call on Dr. Apt, he is the only physician in the village that makes a specialty of just such cases. His hot and cold lunches are the talk of the neighborhood. His bill of fare is as large as the map of America and his prices cure hunger. If the appetizing way in which his culinary artist prepares your lunch induces you to overload your stomach, there's a drug store across the way and George Gill will work the stomach pump at the usual price, and to your absolute relief. Sandwiches 5c; soup 10c. Accommodations, any old time. Liquid refreshments at your command.

The tonsorialist of all the tonsorial artists of this tonsorial age is the handsome and efficient, the jolly but silent, the only, George Dennis. He shaves you while you wait. No trouble to cut your hair at the usual price. An absolute pleasure to shampoo your head and an especially delightful task to dye your mustache, color your hair or clip your bangs. The fair prices he charges are no hindrance to good work nor no inducement to break his silence. Sleeping in the chair without pajamas positively forbidden. No stale jokes cracked during shaving hours. Politics and pretty girls are discussed by moonlight alone. All kinds of prices and perfumes Spitz curls a specialty.

Walter Plenkhar, who owned and operated the general store at Cedar Falls, recently destroyed by fire, has purchased the stock and stand and now conducts one of the best regulated stores in the country. He runs, and generally catches the country produce, a huxter wagon in the country round, two days in the week. He pays a fair price and does a good

business. His stock is complete. Dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes notions, hardware, tinware, canned goods in supplying quantities constantly in stock. His manner of serving you, his quality of goods and his prices make quick sales and gets him satisfactory results. He is an active, accommodating business man and enjoys a very flattering trade. His motto is, "Honest goods at honest prices."

Clarence Stone, of "Sands-Stone" political fame, still holds to and enjoys the very convenient though not overly fat salary of Postmaster. He enjoys the prominence as much as does his factional political enemy and county boss, Postmaster John F. White, of Logan, does his \$2,000 salary. He still wears that satisfied and dignified smile that can't be scoured off, is pleasant and accommodating and is giving absolute satisfaction. Miss Blanche Hilly, his very able and efficient deputy, enjoys the confidence and good will of the entire public, and she is just as pleasant and handsome as she is able and efficient. Bloomingville should be very thankful for such efficient service.

The last, but by no means the least, of the modern industries of the pleasant little village, is a Post Hole factory. General James Iles, of Revolutionary fame, (and if Jim Iles can't cause a revolution with his five and drum, there is no other man on the face of the earth can), is the one man power of this colossal industry. He will manufacture and ship in bundles, post holes of every description, square holes, round holes, three cornered holes and swimming holes, any depth and size required. Mr. Iles is one of the active citizens of Benton township, he files more industrial tunes and drums up more strenuous enterprises than any man in the county. He is all public spirit and action. He will never, never die.

After visiting the industries, securing a very liberal amount of job work and a number of new subscribers, I felt tired enough for the bed. The next morning I started down Queer Creek for the narrows. Arriving at Charles Turners at the noon hour, I, of course, got my dinner. After a short rest I struck out and down the narrows through the fields. There is no road there nor has there been since the 1907 flood. Threading my way between chuck holes and wash-outs, from creek bank to a hillside thicket, I reached Mr. Mill's about 5 o'clock, almost if not quite played out. My old

friend was not at home. Knowing his disposition I concluded he was fishing and in all probability waiting for a bite. Knowing that the hour of his return would be very uncertain, I concluded I'd go on. Being at the last house in Hocking, down the narrows, and anticipating no justifiable support from Vinton county farmers, I cut out to the right, up rattle snake run, and upon the ridge round to Samuel Mercers, arriving there at dusk. I was made welcome for the night. Mr. Mercer has a delightful home, is situated on one of the highest knobs in Salt Creek township. He has one of the finest orchards in the county. Thursday was "cherry day," and the neighbors round gathered in droves, some picking their own cherries and paying \$1.00 per bushel and others paying \$1.50 for cherries picked. It would do you good to see the cherry, plum and peach trees, they are just simply loaded down. Uncle Sam and I had a very agreeable time over our pipes and in social converse. I arose in the morning much refreshed and felt as gay as a little dickie bird. After a good breakfast I started out along the ridge and down over the hill to "bullfrog run," and down the run to East Pike run. I started up Pike from the Vinton county line. I did stop long enough on bullfrog run to rob Rex Arledge of a large portion of a big corn pone. I just shut my eyes and eat. I did not travel quite so fast immediately after dinner as I did two hours later, and I couldn't just understand why, either. Well, I worked up East Pike, cut over the ridge and up West Pike, taking about everything along the route, and reached J. W. Lively's, rather late, but at a very welcome hour. This was another of my long to be remembered and very pleasant entertainments. The whole family joined in making me comfortable. The children and I became friends immediately and we had a very jolly time on the lawn playing elephant and horse. In the evening was sung to sleep by a choir of whip-poor-wills. I awoke at 3:30 the next morning and got up. My breakfast was over at 5:30, and by six I was on my road down Spoon branch to Haynes where I arrived at about 7:30. Found Mr. E. E. Kitchen up to his ears in business. The farmers from the neighborhood round were doing their Saturday dealing. I did some business myself. At noon I was fortunate enough to catch George Stallsmith, representative Money Penny & Hammond, whole-

salers at Columbus, on his regular visit round the West End. George did an unusually good business all round, and was in that usual good humor. He carried me to Bloomingville where we both did a good business, took dinner at the Ohio House and started for home. We came in by way of Cedar Grove, stopped at Rose Bros. general store where Stallsmith secured a flattering order. While he was engaged with the purchasing member of the firm the other brother entertained "Gordy" and I with phonograph music. It was an unusually distinct instrument and we enjoyed it very much.

Rose Brothers occupy the same location occupied by Walter Plenkhar, and recently burned out. They have built them a commodious store room and carry an immense stock of groceries, dry-goods and farmer's necessities. They are genial, accommodating gentle and have an immense trade, always giving satisfaction.

After the concert was over we all climbed into the rig and started for home sweet home. "Pap" drove and Gordy sat on my knee. Gordy and I had nothing to do but pull sasafra, watch for rabbits and see what we could see. We could find but one mare's nest in the whole eleven miles, and Gordy discovered that. We landed in Logan and at home just at 6 o'clock.

In my trip around Bloomingville and the Pike runs I am pleased to send you the names of the following representative citizens and new subscribers: Hiram McDowell, Henry Arledge, Mary A. Best, John F. Vincent, J. C. Butler, A. E. Stevens, A. C. Black, Elsworth Weaver, C. B. Poling, James N. Arledge, Grant Weaver, Edward Schwalback, Theodore Skaer, N. G. Watkins, H. E. Stewart, John Whealdon, J. K. Friend, Stevens & Co., S. R. Mattox, S. H. Eby, Mrs. A. C. Beery, Wm. P. Mattox, Columbus Eby, Flora J. Thomas, Alex. Eveland, Pearl Lowry, Delno Wiggins, Charles N. Turner, Mrs. G. W. Devault, C. S. Tatman, Samuel Mercer, W. A. Seitz, Geo. Bunn, Lewis Smith, Albert Smith, John F. Childers, Lefe Carney, Ada Reid, Elza Thomas, Rex Arledge, Wm. H. Mace, Lafayette Morrison, H. F. Knece, Joshua Bennett, Jesse Arledge, J. W. Arledge, Elmer Hart, Daniel Graham, Noah F. Davis, J. F. Searles, J. E. Orr, E. O. Dillie and Henry Schwalback; in all, 53.

My next letter will be from So. Bloomingville, Route 1.

ST. HUBBARD.

NEWS OF HOCKING COUNTY

Cedar Grove

The most of our people attended the Decoration at So. Bloomingville, and all report a good time. The speakers in attendance were Messrs. Harry Sparnon, of Logan, John Stoughton, of Rockbridge, Frank Redfern, of Adelphi, and Rev. Moody, of Eagle Mills. The speeches were all good and were listened attentively by a large and orderly crowd. Strewing the flowers on the graves of our dead heroes and friends seemed to be impressive to all present. By strewing flowers on the graves of our heroes shows the love that we have for them, that they still linger in our memories and in our hearts; they will live forever. And though the spirit of our friends have long since returned to the God who gave them, we still think of those dear ones whom we once caressed, and whom our bosom held dear. We sometimes imagine that our friends that have departed are with us again, sometimes in the silent watches of the night, while we are in dreamland and our minds are free from care. It is then that we imagine that our departed friends are with us again. We can see them as of yore. We can imagine that they are whispering words of peace and consolation to us. That they are here on a mission of love and are especially concerned in our eternal welfare. Can we then at least once a year drop a beautiful flower on the graves of our loved ones. It won't be long until we too will sleep in the narrow limits of the grave. As we pass through our cemeteries we imagine that we hear our friends say to us, "As you are now, so once was I, as I am now so you shall be; prepare for death and follow me." We

often think of that great day when we shall be as contemporaries and make our appearance together. Then we will see no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face. How necessary then it should be for us to heed the injunction of Divine writ, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as you think not, the Son of Man cometh."

We want to say that the parade on Decoration Day was just fine. Rev. Asa Ward and Pete Weed led the parade a short distance with their oxen and lumber wagon. Then leaving the parade they marched up Main street, singing "Marching through Georgia." These gentlemen with their high water pantaloons attracted the attention of everyone on the street. They would flourish their whips in the air, make grimaces, jump up and down and cut as many antics as two monkeys with a kitten. The Decoration closed with good results. Friends and neighbors gave each other the parting hand and bid each other good bye, hoping that they would all live to meet at another decoration and have a good enjoyable time.

Carbonhill

Grace Inboden, of Marion, is spending several days with relatives here. Frank Tennahill, of Longstreth, attended Sunday School here last Sunday. Mr. Myers and family and Mrs. H. Burn, of Kachelmaacher, spent last Sunday at the home of Alex. Guess and wife. Mrs. Thomas McAllister spent last Thursday with her daughter, Mrs. Dyer Minner, of Nelsonville. Robert Johnson was in Nelsonville, on business, last Sunday morning.

Warner Lehman and wife, of Green township, spent last Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Wilson Green.

Ben Bailey was a business caller at jobs, one day last week.

John Mahaffey, of Buchtel, was seen here last Friday evening.

Robert Eddy, of Nelsonville, was calling here last Sunday.

Arthur Hicks and wife, of Straitsville, spent last Sunday here.

Ben Bailey and Frank Miller, engineers at the stone quarry, are now idle, just simply because they would not work twelve hours a day. Boys, we admire your spunk.

Wednesday evening, June 3, James Shaffer and Mattie Blosser, both of this place, were united in marriage at the home of J. L. Blosser and wife, Elder Winfield S. Cook officiating. They received many beautiful and useful presents, but we are unable to give them or the names of the donors. Mr. Shaffer and wife will make their home in Logan. They are nice young people and we extend our hand.

Elder C. B. Thompson, of Crooksville, will preach in the Christian Church, Saturday evening, June 13, and Sunday morning and evening, June 14. His subject for June 13, is "Degrees in Heaven and Hell." His subject for Sunday morning is "The Wages of Sin," and Sunday evening his subject is "Dancing."

UNCLE HEZ.

Gibsonville

The M. E. Sabbath school will hold a picnic in the Wood's grove west of town, on Thursday, June 18. The neighboring U. B. Sabbath school together with several other schools will be represented. The Boys Industrial School will furnish the music. Everybody invited, and an excellent time is anticipated.

Charles Carr, our ice cream salesman was in town as usual, Saturday night.

Claud Zeigler and Mrs. Edna Krieder, of Bremen; Dave Zeigler, of Amanda; and Grace Zeigler, of Columbus, visited their parents, W. B.

Zeigler and wife, a few days last week.

Rev. J. L. Baker and family called on T. B. Vorhees, Wednesday.

The pulpit of the U. B. church was ably filled by Rev. Boyd, Sunday.

Roland Glaze and sister, of South Perry, were in our village, Wednesday.

Ray Derry, of Lancaster, was seen on our streets, Thursday.

Jake Bowman and son, of Sugar Grove, was in our city, Friday.

David Wylie, of Colfax, visited with his family here, Thursday.

Robert Head lost a valuable cow, last week.

Grant Moore and wife called on W. S. Brashares, Friday night.

Sam Smith and Merton Welner were engaged in hauling straw for Dr. Miller, Friday and Saturday.

Nothing preventing, the well No. 3 on T. D. Woods farm will be drilled in next week.

Professor Charles Zeigler the celebrated ventriloquist and impersonator from Cream Ridge, gave an entertainment at the home of W. T. Brashares Tuesday night. His work was good and was well attended.

Pansy Wylie had the misfortune to break her ankle while playing croquet Thursday evening.

Lewis Davidson and wife entertained about twenty-five of their friends, Monday evening, in honor of the anniversary of their daughter, Ida's birthday. A very pleasant evening was spent in playing games and social conversation. Dainty refreshments were served and the guests departed at a late hour, wishing Ida a long and happy life and many happy returns for the day.

YOUNG.

White Rose Ridge

Harry Biddle and wife visited P. M. Sholl and family, Sunday.

C. J. Getz and family visited John Messbarger and family, Sunday.

George Messbarger, while picking cherries, a limb broke and he fell and broke his arm.

Mayor Wright and Toss Keller were visiting friends down on Rushcreek,

last Sunday.

Sherman Wagner and wife visited P. M. Sholl and family, Sunday.

Reddy and Ed Rudolph were seen on this Ridge, Sunday.

Tom King has the scarlet fever.

Ray Beery and Clarence Miller made a tying trip over this ridge, Sunday.

Clem and Jacob Messbarger went to the Buckeye lake, last Tuesday.

Old Town

We are having some fine weather at present.

A number of teachers and pupils of this place were to the examination at Logan, Saturday.

Mrs. J. C. McLaughlin visited relatives at this place, Saturday and Sunday.

Sam Geil is erecting a barn at present.

Estella Wright made a trip to Logan, Saturday.

Several honorable men of Logan, passed through this community, last week, electioneering.

Besse Wolfe, of Logan, visited relatives at this place, Sunday.

Several of our citizens were trying their luck fishing, this week.

There will be children's services at Bethany the 21 of this month. Everybody invited.

Frank Poling attended preaching at the U. B. church at Logan, Sunday evening.

Ed Hookman and wife spent Saturday evening in Logan.

Ora Wolfe attended meeting at the Lutheran, Sunday evening.

Goldie Scholl was a Logan visitor, Saturday.

F. S. Poling called on Geil, Sunday forenoon.

Mrs. Sam Geil spent Thursday afternoon with John Poling's.

Sam Sanderson, Will Wolfe and Guy Wright attended the ball game between Logan and Maxville. Sam Sanderson pitched for Logan.

FERREX FERREX.

Crossingville

Measles have made their appearance in our community at the home of Mr. Lewis Rogers, five of the family having them at present. Mr. Rogers and son Arthur are in a very serious condition at present.

Mr. August Hildebrandt and wife were Logan shoppers, Saturday.

Mrs. David Phillips and grandson Clarence, of Logan, are spending a few days with Mrs. Manning and other relatives.

Miss Birdie Rogers spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. John Weaver, of Stringtown.

The Misses Hulda and Bertha Smith, Thomas Bouns and William Bronie called on Edward Pierson and family, Friday evening.

Mr. Henry Bouns and wife spent Sunday with John Manning and family.

Samuel and Jacob Niliser were Logan visitors, Saturday.

Mrs. Edward Pierson and family called on the Misses Callie and Lucy Krinn, Friday afternoon.

Laurel Ridge

Dry weather is the subject of our conversation in this vicinity.

John Stoddy was a Logan shopper, Saturday.

George Bailey is busy picking cherries and hauling them to market.

Denver Brown and Daniel Myers were Logan shoppers, Saturday.

Wilbur Seesholtz and wife visited the latter's brothers and sisters, Sunday.

Quite a number from this place were viewing the Critwell Cliffs, Sunday.

Mabel and Dora Anderson called on Wm. Notestone and wife, Friday night.

John Myers has purchased a fine horse and buggy, recently.

LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN.

—Steer calf, weighs about 250, light red color. Parties knowing of the whereabouts of same will please inform A. Heine, Logan, O.

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